

Slip and Fall (in Love) by TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)

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Summary:

A proposal fic.

Slip and Fall (in Love)

Author's Note:

It's currently 4:40AM and I really need to get my mind off the election results. What better way to do that than with some mileven fluff.

(I mean, denial might work better, but I'm already trying that)

He bought the ring on a whim.

Mike's mother's birthday was coming up, so he and Nancy decided they would get her something together. He was just looking in the jewelry store to find something nice, nothing stood out to him. That is, except for the large selection of engagement rings in the back corner.

He only made a swift glance over when he saw them, and then he felt the compelling urge to go admire the display.

His eyes were transfixed on the rings, each shiny piece catching his glance. He'd never thought of proposing before, he'd been dating Eleven since they were teenagers and he knew he wanted to be with her forever, yet the idea to propose never came to him. They were still young after all, he'd just graduated college.

Yet as he looked at display he couldn't help but imagine how each ring would look on El's hand.

"Looking at something for your lady?"

Mike jumped back, startled by the worker rushing over. He didn't even get a chance to answer before the man launched into a description of each ring, most of the words flying way past Mike's head, but he still listened intently.

And that's how Mike Wheeler, while looking for a birthday gift for his mom, impulsively bought a diamond engagement ring.

The ring stayed untouched in his pockets for a while. He didn't have the slightest idea of a proposal. He figured it should be special, proposals are supposed to be, aren't they? He didn't have a clue when to do it though, or where.

He let the idea drop for a while, settling with the idea that when the time came, he was ready. The ring just became the small item that gave him the giddy feeling whenever he felt it while reaching into his pocket.

Eleven didn't have the slightest idea, nor did any of his friends. Mike decided he wouldn't admit his purchase to anyone, at least not until he admitted it to El.

For the most part, the ring was just a forgotten thought. A momentary dream Mike was terrified to act on. That was, until one day.

It was a Saturday morning, El's favorite time of the week. She'd woken up early, and threw some Blueberry Eggos into the toaster and started to make eggs. Mike woke up shortly after, walking from their bedroom to the small kitchen their apartment had.

El smiled when she saw him, walking over to give him a gentle peck on the cheek. Mike could tell she was in a good mood that morning, and he couldn't help but feel just as joyous watching her.

He walked over to steal a bite from her Eggo, which she rolled her eyes at. Mike then noticed she was wearing one of his old tee shirts. He wanted to make a comment that if she could steal his shirts then he could steal her breakfast, but watching her in his shirt just made his heart flutter.

"What do you want to do today?" He asked absentmindedly.

Saturday's had become their form of lazy days. Their weekends normally consisted of spending Sunday's out with their friends, but spending Saturday in, watching movies or playing games.

"I don't know, but if you're taking my food you're gonna have to make me another Eggo," she smirked.

Mike just rolled his eyes, knowing she was really just saying that because she couldn't reach the Eggo box on the top of the fridge, and didn't dare pull out a chair to use as a stool in front of him.

He was walking over to reach for the box when he heard a quick, "Wait Mi-" but she was too late.

Mike felt his foot slip as he slid onto the floor. He didn't hurt himself, but was struck with shame when he realized he had just slipped on a cracked egg on the ground.

El was kneeling down next to him, relentlessly questioning if he was okay.

"I was going to clean it up, then you came in and I forgot."

Mike noticed the small laugh forming on her mouth, behind the concern. As she kept talking she started to laugh more, Mike couldn't blame her, he probably looked like a real mess right then.

His heart clenched as he watched El laugh, and suddenly the ring in the pocket of his sweatpants felt about 100 pounds heavier, weighing down his entire body.

"Marry me," he whispered quietly, too low for her to hear.

"Hm?"

Mike took in a deep breath, not wanting the impulse to go away, so he let out the two words whose weight both terrified and exhilarated him.

"Marry me?"

El heard him that time, eyes widening in shock. He pushed himself up to so he was no longer on his back. He pulled the shining ring from his pocket and repeated himself, "Eleven, will you marry me?"

The terror had ignited a fire inside him. He asked the question on an impulse, and didn't exactly realize how terrifying those few seconds before she answered would be.

Mike watched as a beautifully big smile erupted across her face.

“Yes,” she answered breathlessly, “Yes I’ll marry you!”

She put her hands on his cheeks and leaned in, and he felt a giddy smile form as he kissed her.

His greatest impulse decision, he thought.

He delicately put the ring on her finger, and a part of him felt closure at that. It was where it was supposed to be, where it should have gone weeks ago when he bought it.

The rest of the day was spent cuddled together watching movies, but if you ask either of them, though it may have been one of the biggest days of their lives, neither of them can remember what movie it was. Neither of them paid any attention, too wrapped up in their own happy thoughts, carried away with fantasies to care about some movie.

They announced it to their friends the next day. All of them expected some extravagant proposal story, but Mike and El refused to tell.

Because the truth was it wasn't some extravagant story. It was Saturday morning and stolen waffles and cracked eggs and laughter on the kitchen floor. It wasn't some perfectly romantic tale, instead it was just a beautiful mess.

But a beautiful mess was exactly what they were, and they didn't dream of replacing their story with anything else.

They were a beautiful mess, and this was their beautiful mess.